



MARGARET EATON HALL
NORTH STREET

Wednesday Evening,
February 11th, 1914

at Eight-fifteen



SONG RECITAL

BY

MADAME

Kathryn Innes-Taylor



Mrs. Gerard-Barton at the Piano

THIS PROGRAMME

IS PRESENTED UNDER THE
DISTINGUISHED
PATRONAGE OF

SIR JOHN AND LADY GIBSON . .

MRS. H. D. WARREN

MRS. AGAR ADAMSON

MRS. GEORGE KERR

MRS. GERARD HEINTZMAN . .

MRS. WALTER McKEOWN . .

MRS. MURRAY ALEXANDER . .

MRS. FREDERICK PAUL

MRS. JOHN GARVIN

MRS. J. E. ELLIOTT

MRS. GEORGE BURNETT

MRS. P. C. LARKIN

MRS. R. S. WILLIAMS

MRS. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES

MISS AMY A. STRATHY

The Programme

MODERN FRENCH

Le Voyageur	
Claire de Lune	GABRIEL FAURÉ
Nell	
"Il Pleure dans Mon Cœur"	CLAUDE DEBUSSY
<i>(Extrait des ariettes oubliées)</i>	
Aquarelle Number 1, Green	

GROUP OF CRADLE SONGS

Wiegenlied (<i>Russian</i>).	TSCHAIKOWSKY
Cradle Song (<i>Russian</i>)	BALAKIREW
Vendulka's Cradle Song (<i>Bohemian</i>).	SMETANA
Wiegenlied (<i>German</i>)	BRAHMS
Margaret's Cradle Song (<i>Norwegian</i>)	EDVARD GRIEG
Berceuse (<i>French</i>)	ROPARTZ
Lullaby (<i>English</i>)	CYRIL SCOTT

ENGLISH SONGS

Snowflakes.	MALLINSON
Syrian Woman's Lament	ANICE TERHUNE
<i>(Words translated from the Arabic)</i>	
Valgovind's Boat Song	EASTHOPE MARTIN
<i>(From "The Garden of Kama" by Lawrence Hope)</i>	
Early Morning.	GRAHAM PEEL
Four Japanese Songs (<i>by request</i>)	DALHOUSIE YOUNG
1. Song of the Plum Tree	
2. Song of Pine and Cherry	
3. Pillow Song	
4. Song of the Well Rope	

MODERN FRENCH

Chanson de la Mariée	<i>Harmonized by</i> MAURICE RAVELL
<i>(Greek Folk Song)</i>	
Sainte	MAURICE RAVELL
Les Ânes du Caire	NÉRINI
Printemps	RENALDO HAHN

Modern French

THE TRAVELLER

(Translation from ARMAND SILVESTRE)

Traveller, whither away? o'er the dust that shines so bright—
"I go to the setting sun, to fall asleep in his light ;

"For the orb that gives light and life is the one God I adore,
"And to his fiery shroud I'll depart for evermore."

Traveller, haste—for the sun meets the horizon's sill.
"What matter? I'll wait him there, further down at the foot of the
hill—

"And showing my open heart, that, still faithful, bleeds with
despair,
"I'll say,—I have suffered, O Sun ; take me far from my cruel fair."

—D. P. W.

MOONLIGHT

Your soul is a landscape, wondrous and rare,
Where spirits quaint, like some gay masqueraders,
Play on their lutes while they dance,
Though gentle sadness still lurks 'neath their disguise fantastic?

Chanting the while strains in minor mede,
Triumphant love and joy of life extolling ;
They seem to doubt that love and joy are real,
And into moonbeams wan their songs are woven ;
In melancholy moonlight, sad and calm,
That brings the birds tender dreams in the willows,
Making the fountains sob with ecstasy ;
'Mong statutes cold, of white and purest marble.

NELL

(Translation from LECONTE DE LISLE)

Drunk with the flooding sunlight shine
Thy dark-red roses, O June ;
From thy golden cup, let me sip the wine,
For my heart, like the rose, is a-tune.

Under the pleasant leafy shade
Goes up a cry of delight ;
But the pigeon sings in the wooded glade,
O my heart, his amorous plight.

How sweet thou art in the jewelled sky,
Of wistful night the star ;
But my heart's own love—how radiantly
It shines, and sweeter far,

And sooner shall the singing sea
Be silent on the shore,
Than from my heart, dear Nell, shall flee
The image I adore.

—D. P. W.

TEARS IN MY HEART

Poem by PAUL VERLAINE

Tears in my heart
As rain on the town ;
What languor could start
These tears in my heart ?

Soft drip of the rain
On garden and house-top ;
When a heart's in pain—
O the song of the rain !

No reason for tears
When the heart is breaking ;
No treason appears ?
Ah, vain are these tears.

Still more cruel fate—
Not to know why,
Without love or hate,
My sorrow's so great.

—D. P. W.

AQUARELLE No. 1, GREEN

See, blossoms, branches, fruit, leaves I have brought,
And then my heart that for you only sighs ;
With those white hands of yours, oh, tear it not,
But let the poor gift prosper in your eyes.

The dew upon my hair is still undried,—
The morning wind strikes chilly where it fell.
Suffer my weariness here at your side
To dream the hour that shall it quite dispell.

Allow my head, that rings and echoes still
With your last kiss, to lie upon your breast,
Till it recovers from the stormy thrill,—
And let me sleep a little, since you rest,

Group of Cradle Songs

WIEGENLIED

(Russian)

Sleep, oh baby mine, Sleep and dream, baby mine !
Peaceful slumber now be thine ;
Eagle sun and breeze so mild,
Fondly guard my sleeping child.

Soon the eagle homeward flew,
Sank the sea in ocean blue,
When three nights had passed away,
Home the gentle breeze did stray.

Then his mother asked in fear,
Why hast stayed so long from here ?
With the stars in Heaven to strive,
Or the ocean waves to drive ?

Not with ocean's waves was I,
Fought no fight in starry sky,
Near thy child my watch I kept,
Rocked the cradle while he slept.

Sleep, oh baby mine, Sleep and dream, baby mine,
Peaceful slumber now be thine,
Eagle sun and breeze so mild,
Fondly guard my sleeping child.

—Tschaikowsky

CRADLE SONG

(Russian)

Sleep, my darling, sleep, nor fear you ;
* *Baïou, Baïoushki, Baïou ;*
Sleep and dream, while I am near you,
Watching ceaseless over you.

God Himself a guard is keeping,
Far above the heavens blue,
Rest, my baby, sweetly sleeping,
Baïou, Baïoushki, Baïou.

Sleep ere care shall come and sorrow,
Baïou, Baïoushki, Baïou ;
Sleep, with no thought of to-morrow,
Or the hard-earned daily due.

* Equivalent to English word Lullaby.

Sleep while I can still caress you,
Still sing cradle songs to you,
Slumber while I pray God bless you,
Baiou, Baioushki, Baiou.

VANDULKA'S CRADLE SONG

(Bohemian)

Hush thee, my baby, oh hush thee to sleep,
O'er thee may angels their watch ever keep,
Slumber darling, sleep well, sleep long,
Lulled by the sound of thy mother's song.

By-bye, by-bye, sleep on, sleep on,
Mother is rocking thee ;
By-bye, by-bye,
I will rock thee.

Softly the moon in the brook ripples by,
Bright are the stars in the heavens so high ;
Bright as starlight, soft as ripples,
Into one's lips steals the wonder of love.

Child, when the sorrows of life shall arise,
Up from the earth to the stars raise thine eyes,
On thy pillow, 'neath the willow,
Softly thy sorrows will fade into peace.

Hush thee, my baby, to sleep,
I am with thee.

WIEGENLIED

(German)

Lullaby and good night,
With roses bedight,
Creep into thy bed,
There pillow thy head.

If God will, thou shalt wake,
When the morning doth break ;
If God will, thou shalt wake,
When the morning doth break.

Lullaby and good night,
Those blue eyes close tight,
Bright angels are near,
So sleep without fear.

They will guard thee from harm,
With fair dreamland's sweet charm,
They will guard thee from harm.
With fair dreamland's sweet charm,

MARGARET'S CRADLE SONG

Words by HENRIK IBSEN

(Norwegian)

The roof that rears above him
To Heaven seems to rise ;
Now wakes my little Hakon,
And lights his dreamy eyes.

He builds himself a staircase,
To climb to yonder star,
And with the angels rises
To where the blessed are.

May angels watch my darling,
From out the heavens blue ;
God shield thee, little Hakon !
Thy mother watches too.

BERCEUSE

(Lullaby)

Now, ye little folk,
Let all noise abate, and peace dwell in the house ;
In prayer kneel on your tiny beds,
Promise to mind, with better grace ;
All outbursts of passion and wrath
Blot your soul with the stain of sin.
Hush, hush, go to sleep,
You will see an angel fair.

You will see the manger
In which our gentle Saviour, the son of God,
Was born, as a frail and helpless babe ;
Surrounded by shepherds adoring,
And three kings came from farthest East,
Their priceless treasures bestowing.
Hush, hush, go to sleep,
You will see an angel fair.

Not only to your mother dear,
You cause sadness and bitter tears,
You that were born to be her joy.
But the gentle Jesus is grieved
By your faults,
For, to His crown,
Every transgression adds a thorn.
Hush, hush, go to sleep,
You will see an angel fair.

LULLABY

Words by CHRISTINA ROSETTI

Lullaby, oh lullaby !
Flow'rs are clos'd and lambs are sleeping.
Lullaby, oh lullaby !
While the birds are silence keeping,
Lullaby, oh lullaby !
Sleep my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh lullaby !

English Songs

SNOWFLAKES

When'er a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns, to say good bye,
Good bye, good bye, good bye.
Good bye dear cloud, so cool and grey,
Then travels lightly on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good day", it says, "good day to thee,"
"Good day, good day to thee."
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here.

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts, it starts.
"How soft and warm the day."
'Tis summer, and it melts away.



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